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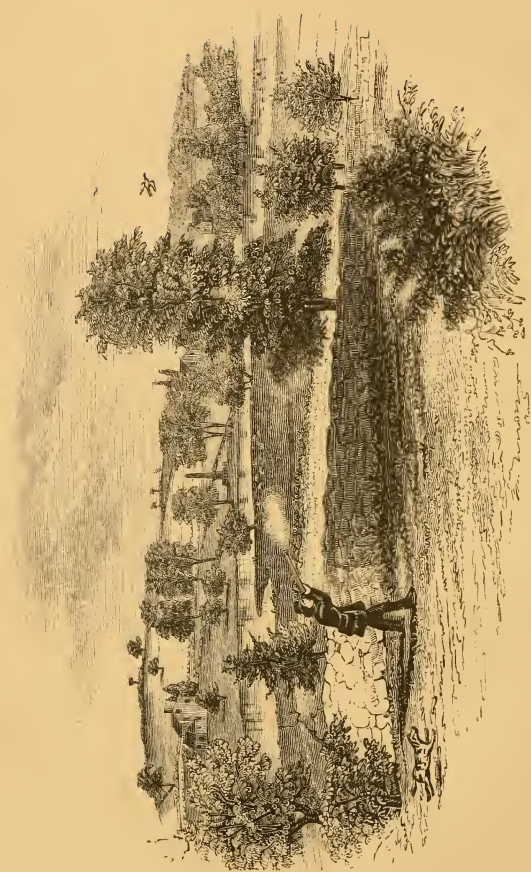
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









BATTLE-GROUND AT CONCORD.

18720

CONCORD FIGHT.

BY S. R. BARTLETT.



BOSTON:
A. WILLIAMS AND CO.
1860.

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TO

JOSIAH BARTLETT, M.D.,

This Little Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HIS SON.

PRELUDE.

WHO does not love to trace in thought the ways
Which noble feet have trod in bygone days, —
Days of romance, of fable, and of song,
Of tender charms, which to "old times" belong, —
The dear "old times," when the old hills were
 young,
And Mother Nature had but lately sprung,
Equipped and armed in proof from head to toe,
With beauteous grace and charming youth aglow,
From out the Maker's head, that felt the pain,
And at the stroke of fate gave life again?
How sweet to walk the sands of Galilee;
To tread dry-shod the pathway through the sea;
To hear Paul plead, or William Shakspeare sing,
Or Robin Hood make the gay greenwood ring;
On the Norse Edda, fancy joys to dwell,
And wondrous 'scapes Æneas sad befell!

O dear old Time ! thy scythe and hour-glass
Warn us how swiftly light-winged hours pass.
Another glass is thine, more wondrous rare :
Through it we gaze,—the plainest things seem fair,
Mellowed and radiant with prismatic light.
Time lends enchantment to our mental sight.
We boys have played about our fathers' yard
So many years so happily ! 'Twas hard
Enough to say " Good-bye !" the dreary day
Life's duties led our lingering steps away.
Sad wanderers far upon some distant strand,
When weary miles of ocean or of land
Remove our hearts from home, divorced and sad,
We mourn. Then Memory draws near ; and, glad,
We know her pictures drawn before our view ;
The same old scenes, but clothed with radiance
new,—

The dear old woodpile, and the latticed shed ;
The cherry tree, and garden gate which led
Through to the brook, where, first allowed to bathe,
We liked to let the rippling streamlet lave
Our naked feet hung from the daisy bank,
And watch the eddy where the pebble sank
Tossed from our tiny fingers ; where the birch
Sheltered with tangled roots the wary perch,
Swift dollar-bugs and skaters glided round,
Slow tortoises slipped down the grassy mound,
And wavy willows formed a leafy screen
To shelter from the sun the lovely scene ;

The schoolroom too, with desks deep scored and
worn,
Old yellow curtains faded, tumbled, torn ;
The Meeting-house, the Common, and the hill
Where we had coasted Saturdays, until
The darkness warned us, tired, home to bed,
All night to ride in dreams upon our sled ;
The skating on the meadows, healthy, free,
When we were happy as but boys can be ;
Sweet music creaked the wheels on frosty snow
As morning gray saw teams to market go ;
The boating on the river, long before
Swift wherries shamed the square-end tubs of yore :
The fishing on the bridge, or from the bank,
Standing with rod and line, 'mid verdure rank,
Flags, sedges, cresses, *fleurs-de-lys*, and sweet,
Pure water-lilies, blooming at our feet ;
Snaring, perchance, unlucky perch or bream,
Or pickerel, the monarch of the stream ;
The rambles to the cliffs and boiling spring
To see a tanager upon the wing ;
Sweet Sleepy Hollow too, — a place of rest
For all who'd seek the luring, quiet nest ;
The poplar-tree which crowns the little hill,
From which at sunset oft we've drank our fill
Of simple loveliness, as, quite subdued, we've stood
Watching the sunlight fade on field and wood.
O'er the old scenes dear Time delights to throw,
Our grief to still, its chastened, tender glow.

We read old songs of Troy, of Greece, of Rome, —
 Of noble souls, who strove for right and home ;
 Whose blades drank deep of false, impurpled
 blood ;

Who shed their own to swell the cleansing flood,
 To wash the world of tyranny and wrong ;
 Thrice mighty souls of majesty and song.

We prouder feel the name of man to bear,
 Since of such parentage we claim a share.
 But we forget, in tales of Greece and Rome,
 That we've ourselves a Salamis at home.

Our dust has had its taste of human blood ;
 Musketaquid¹ been stained by crimson flood.

A second Rubicon : upon its brink,
 Dear Liberty herself once paused to think
 The best ; then cast her robes of peace aside,
 And risked her all in War's uncertain tide.

A second Marathon : a rustic few, unskilled
 Save in the arts by which their fields they tilled,
 Here smote the giant Skill, and laid him low,
 Humbled in dust, slain by a pigmy's blow.

Where some rude beams once bridged the placid
 stream

Has rung the note of musketry ; the gleam
 Of glittering bayonet and burnished blade
 Has flashed beneath our old elm's youthful shade ;
 Our Common trembled once 'neath marshalled
 feet ;

Our fathers rushed a hostile band to meet.

The time-worn vane,² which creaks and moans to-day,

Whene'er the breeze shifts to a different way,
Once sadly moaned to hear the warning bell
A summons sound, the country folks to tell,
Resounding from its belfry just below,
Their peaceful homes were threatened by the foe.
Each tree, each road, each pond, each stream, each
hill,

All have a tale to tell you, if you will
But listen, — tales of sweet and sad renown,
That throng around our cherished, dear old town.
The budding leaves of spring, the tints of fall, —
Red, golden, brown, — what memories recall!
Sweet thoughts that make us young if we are old,
And children bear us back within the fold.

Once, long ago, some hostile Indians stood
Upon a hill near by, debating which they would
March to attack the first; which town of two, —
Concord or Sudbury. They argued what to do.
Concord, say most; until one honored chief
Gave to the council this, his wise belief:
“No use to go to Concord; for they say
That Concord men are known to be great pray.”
And he prevailed. With midnight sword and
flame,

Of Sudbury they left alone a name.
Our fathers slept unharmed. Another band
With hostile arms fell on our peaceful land,

And met the men the old chief called "great pray."
 How proud they came! how humbled went away!
 Proud Britain's dauntless troops, they fled in fear,
 A total rout, with rustics in the rear.

Oh! can it be, that we degenerate sons,
 False to our blood that from such sources runs,
 Have ceased to pray by word, by deed, by thought;
 Base heirs to glory which our fathers bought?
 No, 'tis not so. Old Concord grieves to hear
 A wailing voice, to see a victim's tear:
 When comes the time to act, her sons will throng,
 And daughters too, to crush the force of Wrong.
 O dear old town! we love you but too well;
 The storied lore your ancient annals tell;
 Your daughters fair, your sons both brave and true;
 Each heart leaps high to twine a wreath for you:
 Well worthy of the minstrel's song divine,
 Still you will hear this simple strain of mine.
 A breeze steals through thy pines, so sweet, so clear,
 It whispers myriad fancies in my ear.
 Musketaquid and Walden³ bumpers fill,
 Intoxicating draughts, and every hill
 Inspires me. Nahshawtuck,³ friend so dear;
 Annursneak, Punkatasset, guardians drear;
 And Assabet, the gentle, — all combine
 To cheer my heart thy laurel to intwine.
 The tale is simple, and is simply told, —
 Events that really happened once of old;

Deeds that our fathers did, that we again
May have to do, should ever ring the strain
Of martial music, not in muster play,
But stern and shrill as in the famed old day.
Each soul that thrills at noble Christian deeds,
Each heart that for the slave down-trodden bleeds,
Each hand upraised Oppression's head to smite,
Will kindle at the tale of Concord Fight.



CONCORD FIGHT.

'Twas early spring. Soft breathed the balmy air ;
 And Nature, early from confinement free,
 Raised up her head from Winter's chilling yoke,
 And shook her golden tresses merrily ;
 The fruit-trees bloomed a perfect prayer of bloom ;
 The birds swelled high their song of grateful praise.
 Could I but sing a song of Nature dear !
 But no : a tale of man's unholy ways ;
 A song of strife, of violence, of wrong,
 Of tyranny, oppression, war, and blood ;
 Where brothers met, both tender children once,
 And with their life-blood swelled one fearful flood.

'Twas long ago. The elm, our boast and pride,
 Was then so small, you'd clasp it with one arm.
 Come, let us stand beneath its shade, and we
 Will watch the fight without the least alarm.
 A still, old town ; as now, a happy home ;
 Place of some note ; for here the rebels bold —
 Adams and Hancock and the others — dared
 Their traitorous conspiracy to hold ;

Here Congress met ; and here they gathered
stores, —
Some cannon, muskets, flour, powder, lead ;
With covenanting spirit, sternly stood
Prepared their blood in Freedom's cause to shed :
A few quaint houses, browned by wind and rain ;
A meeting-house, with pointed gables queer ;
A mill across the brook ; a court-house rough,
The creaking of its time-worn vane we hear ;
Wright's tavern, with its sign ; and on the hill
A tall, stout pole, set up the other day
By almost all the town, and on it spread
A rebel flag, to show defiance to
The king, their Heaven-anointed head.

Some did not join them. The Tory Bliss,
And several other men sincere and true,
Told them 'twas wicked, foolish, and insane
To thus defy a host, they weak and few.
A time that tries men's souls. Which side to
choose,
The noblest doubt : a rebel's name and fate
Is fearful to endure ; and harder yet
To bow their souls, and pay a tax they hate.
The crisis comes ; and soon you must decide.
Which will you serve, — your Maker or the king ?
The hour is past when kings could do no wrong :
Stout Cromwell taught us all a thrilling thing, —
That kings have jointed necks like other men.

Hold! treason 'tis you talk! Perhaps; but so
 Said Parson Emerson but Sunday last, —
 The day we stood to sing the hymn, you know,
 That "tyrants to resist, obedience is to God."

The time is coming: question of yourself,
 Which side, which deed, is right, and which is
 wrong.

A simple question 'tis. Are you your own,
 Or George the Third's? It cannot take you long.

The moment comes. Oh, hark! clang, clang! 'tis
 here!

Rouse up, each one that feels the cause is true:
 The tocsin to the fight rings loud and clear;
 Sad midnight bell! Sam Prescott brings the
 news,

Warren has sent a man named Paul Revere
 To rouse the country. Call the men to arms!
 Ring out, shout out, the message far and near!
 Come, fathers, brothers, lovers, to the fight;
 Defend your homes, your wives', your children's
 peace;

Come to a feast of bloody war, from which
 You'll often sigh for even death's release.
 Ne'er were the Indians scared, as long ago
 The first bell sounded, hung on Jethro's⁴ oak,
 As, calling men to arms and women to escape,
 This knell the quiet of the village broke.

Long months ago they saw the heavens lower,
Tempestuous clouds the whole horizon shroud,
The sun of Liberty grow pale. They knew
Jove's lightning hung suspended in the cloud.
It comes at last, — the thunderbolt; and on
Their peaceful homes it bursts with dreadful roar;
And, while they fear not, they confide in Him
Who rules the storm. Their hearts are chill with
awe.

The British troops are coming. Far and wide
The sad news flies; from lip to lip 'tis spread.
The anguished mother holds her child to kiss
The father who will soon be cold and dead.
Oh, there are partings, hurried, hopeless, sad!
The widow arms her son, with tears, with love:
His eye is dry, his lip stern set and firm;
She prays for safety to the Lord above.
The wife equips her husband with the gun
Her father carried in the old French war:
She can but just remember when they came,
And brought it to her mother stained with gore.
The maiden clasps her lover to her heart, —
A lingering, long embrace. Oh, stern, stern
fate!

She would not have him stay. How can she bear
To have him go, her Heaven-appointed mate?
The sister brings the powder-horn, and pouch
Filled full with bullets she has helped to run.
How easy 'tis to brave the deadliest fight!

How hard to wait until the loved ones come !
When the warm blood throbs fiercely in his veins,
The meanest man can gladly risk his life ;
But she the laurel earns who stays at home,
And waits and prays, — the soldier's hero-wife.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Fill up, fill up with scalding tears,
Each noble heart and true,
A brimming bumper. I shall give
A thrilling toast to you.

Come, join hand and heart to-night,
And let no eye be dry :
In tearful silence hear the names
That our full hearts steal by.

The faithful mothers, daughters, wives,
And sisters, — oh, so true !
The loving, trusting, waiting ones
Our Revolution knew.

The grass grows o'er their nameless graves ;
In peace, in rest, they lie.
Can we forget to whom we owe
Our blessings, — you and I ?

They nerved the hand that waved the sword,
That sped the bullet sure ;
They cheered the fainting, weary heart,
Worse trials to endure.

No marble leaps from out the dust
To glorify their name.
There needs none : graven on our hearts
The record of their fame.

For iron rusts, and stone decays :
We'd trust them not to save
Our mother's memory ; ourselves
Will fitly mark their graves.

Each one will carve a worthy stone
With noble deed or thought ;
A monument we'll rear, more grand
Than cunning Art has wrought.

The blessed seed that they have sown
In fertile, cultured earth, —
Oh ! they will blossom in our lives,
Sweet flowers of rarest worth ;

Sweet flowers, fadeless, fragrant, pure ;
Sweet flowers, fit to twine
A wreath to decorate their graves,
These women half-divine !

Fill up, fill up with scalding tears,
Each noble heart and true.
Mothers of Liberty! we drain
A brimming cup to you.

Upon the Common see a busy scene!
The minister talks treason loud and wild.
They gather round him, — shepherd of the flock.
The mother brings to him, to save, her child.
With grim, determined faces come the men:
Armed and equipped, before the church they form.
Gathered like chickens 'neath the mother's wing,
They wait the long-expected, frightful storm;
For they are praying men, these farmers plain.
Some load the stores in wagons: quick away
They hurry with them to some secret place,
To hide them safe before the break of day.
They watch and wait; yet still no foe comes near,
No sign of any enemy in sight.
At length, dismissed, they scatter to their homes,
To try and sleep until the morning light.
Quiet once more assumes its wonted reign;
The village sleeps in Concord once again.

'Tis early dawn. The golden sun begins
To gild the tree-tops with his brilliant light;
Tinges the gables of the village church,
The house-roofs and the hills, with glory bright.
Again the bell rings out its warning sound;

The minute-men are marshalled on the green.
This is no false alarm; but thrilling, earnest fact.
This time the guns are loaded not in vain.
Soon, gleaming in the morning light, they see
The glistening bayonet and scarlet form,—
Proud England's choicest troop in bright array:
Oh! 'tis a sight the coolest heart to warm.
"Come, let us meet and firmly brave them here:
This is the place for us to nobly die;
Here, 'midst our homes. A wretched coward he
Who from this green the first would start to fly!"
So spake the minister. Through every heart
His earnest accents thrilled with throbbings wild.
"Never from here will we alive depart!"
The word went round. At length, more prudent
thoughts
Prevailed. The minister, at home confined
In the Old Manse, for fear his counsel wild
Would lead the people from their peaceful mind,
Looked from his chamber-window with his wife,
And saw them march across the river still,
On the North Bridge, with firm, determined step,
And form in line on Major Buttrick's hill.
Here Barrett, Buttrick, and the others stand,
Debating what is best. A smoke they see
Arising from the town. "What can we do?
'Tis foolish to resist, so weak are we."
Then come the minute-men from Acton, well
equipped,

With Captain Isaac Davis at their head.
 "What shall we do?" of him they ask. "Stand
 here,
 And let them lay our homes in ashes low?
 Or shall we march and meet them?" He replies,
 "I've not one man who is afraid to go."
 See, through the trees a troop approaches! Now
 Spellbound the rebels stand. "The bridge they
 gain.
 They're tearing up the planks; we cannot pass:
 We must resist them now with might and main."
 "March, march!" the word is said; and through
 the ranks
 Each heart is thrilled with new and fearful life,
 As Luther Blanchard of the Acton corps
 Strikes up the "White Cockade" upon his fife.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

There swell upon the April breeze
 Notes clear and shrill:
 A yeoman band, in homespun clad,
 Moves down a grass-grown hill.

March, farmers!—march to strife, to death,
 With fearless tread!
 For home inspires every heart,
 And Right moves at the head.

Oh! well the hirelings who hear
That simple strain
May tremble as the well-known notes
Ring in their ears again;

For they have heard them sound before:
They learned them well
At Louisburg and Martinique,
And know what tale they tell.

Firm hearts and true, strong hands to do,
For Liberty.
The fierce old strain rings once again,
"Come death or victory!"

The lips that woke the dawning note
Are passed away;
But the echoes of the "White Cockade"
Ring round our hills to-day.

Down, down the hill they file towards the bridge:
The regulars soon leave the planks alone.
Time waits a moment; then three signal shots
Are fired in the stream, with gurgling moan
That chills each heart. From the red rank a smoke
Breaks curling out; a ringing, sharp report;
And hideous War is from his slumber woke.
Too late to hesitate; for blood is drawn.

A volley follows. Bleeding in the dust,
Brave Captain Davis falls, and Hosmer too.
Each heart agrees to perish, if it must:
Martyr in such a cause, who cannot feel
It is a blessed privilege to die?
Each minute-man, determined, grasps his gun;
And, resolute for strife, each heart beats high.
Then Major Buttrick leaps from off the ground:
“Fire! for God’s sake, fire!” rings out his cry.
From the old gun that some of us have seen
There swept the bullet, free-winged, swift, and
true,
That shook stern Tyranny upon his throne,
And pierced Oppression’s banner through and
through.

A conflict sharp and short. What can withstand
Determined men who fiercely strive for right;
Who fight for happiness, for life, for all?
Then the world sees a strange, unwonted sight,—
A veteran corps, who ne’er have turned before,
Fly from a simple crowd of farmers stout,
Coarsely apparelled, poorly armed, untried:
The regulars retreat, a perfect rout.
Amazed the rebels stand, and let them go;
Uncertain, even then, what they will do.
What little order they have had is lost:
With fierce revenge each heart is all aglow.
O’er the great fields they rush to fight again,
Each as best suits himself. From tree or wall

Speeds the keen shaft of death. At each report,
Some brilliant uniform is seen to fall.
The country is aroused, and every home
Pours out defenders for the sacred hearth ;
Heroes full-armed start breathing from the sod,
And pools of blood mark out the homeward path :
From far away they come in haste to help.
The bright array of scarlet, white, and gold,
Fly like a frightened flock of sheep that try,
Ere the storm breaks, to gain the sheltering fold.
On by the green, where early dawn had seen
The young, the old, shot down by ruthless
 might,—
First martyrs to the cause ; their features plain,
Transfigured, filled the world with dazzling light.
They died ; and Truth and Right grew strong and
 bold,
And fearless rushed to glorious victory on.
Strong hands revenge, and noble hearts bewail,
The fearful massacre at Lexington.
Through Cambridge too, though held at bay at
 times,
The rebels chase the regulars, until
The shelter of the fleet at night they gain ;
Then, only then, the hornets' nest is still.
Panting, the troops lie on the ground to rest,
(Their march that day a weary one and long ;
And hungry too, for their supplies were lost.)
So suffer all who wage the cause of Wrong.

The stories of that day, how dear they are,
From grandmamma to children handed down !
The little words they said, the little things they did,
More cherished than the deeds of great renown.

'Twas early dawn ; and, by a rough-hewn curb,
A comely maiden stood, with pail in hand, —
A blushing, lovely maiden, sweet sixteen.
Half wantonly the breeze her soft cheek fanned.
With heavy, balanced sweep, she lowers down
The moss-grown bucket in the deep, cool well ;
And up it comes, heaped full with pearly beads, —
A rosary well fit for gods to tell.
She leans the bucket on the curb, and puts
Her rosy lips down to its brim to drink.
She screams, and blushes crimson. Round her
waist
She feels an arm : whose 'tis, she cannot think.
She turns around, and struggles : 'tis in vain.
A handsome youth, with epaulets of gold,
And scarlet uniform, and lip moustached,
With graceful mien, and courteous though so bold,
Steals a sweet kiss ; another. Then he says,
“ My dear, I'll see you once again to-night.”
He lets her go : she, frightened, runs away.
At night she sees him, wounded in the fight.
His scarlet uniform is crimsoned deep
With his own blood : anguished and sad, he groans
In rebel hands. The maiden's care it is

To stanch his wounds, and soothe his saddening
moans :

She tends him with a *woman's* tenderness.

This story verifies the oft-told tale :

Man may insult, degrade, offend most sore ;

But woman's womanhood will never fail.

Adams and Hancock, from their beds aroused
By watchful friends, sought refuge from their foes.
Just as the sun upon a scene of peace
And loveliness in gorgeous grandeur rose,
One said, " Oh, what a glorious morn is this !"
A glorious dawn upon a bloody day :
Prophetic souls, that saw the happiness
When the dark clouds of war should roll away.

At the Wright Tavern, Major Pitcairn calls
For brandy; it with bloody finger stirs :
" So their damned rebel blood I'll stir ere night !"
And so effectually he did. Ungrateful curs,
They burned the hand that stirred. Their blood,
aroused,
Boiled over with a force most fierce and hot ;
And the poor major learned at Bunker Hill
How truly speeds the angered rebels' shot.

Sam Prescott was betrayed, who brought the
news.

They traced him to the house where he lay still,

Safe in a barrel full of feathers, where
He heard their fury seeking him to kill.
So too, at Lexington, he leaped his horse
Over a fence, and rode unscathed away
Amidst a flight of bullets humming round
His ears, to tell that they were on their way.

The traitor of the day, his name we grieve.
He lived to be a mark of hate to all ;
A prisoner condemned long years, he feared
His injured friends' revenge would on him fall :
Wakened at night by shouts of scorn and shame,
He'd hear the musket-balls beat on his door ;
Till, for his son's sake, at length forgiven all,
In peace he lived, to be harassed no more.

Some stores were left for safety in the mill,
The troops soon found, and seized on them to burn.
The miller said, " This property is mine,"
Touching a barrel of his own in turn ;
" This corn is mine ; this barley, wheat, and rye :
'Tis private property. This mill I own,
And grind this grain." Convinced, they passed
him by :
He saved the whole, — the public and his own.

The flag-staff on the hill was cut and burned,
With some few stores, — the whole that they
could find.

The Court House, fired, would have been destroyed,
Had not a woman dared to change their mind.

A wounded man replies to one who says,
Stanching a bleeding flesh-wound in his side,
“Had the ball hit you only one inch more
Towards the heart, you would have surely died,” —
“Yes, one inch more, I'd not been hit at all.”
He takes his musket in his hand, away
He hurries in pursuit, and fiercely fights
All through that bloody and eventful day.

Beside a well, two men encounter, both
With muskets armed, and enemies to death.
They glare like beasts of prey. Two sharp reports:
Together falling, draw their dying breath.

At the Old Manse, a youth is hard at work
That morning, cutting wood, until he hears
The troops march by towards the bridge; and then,
Behind the house, he, watching breathless, fears
Yet hopes they will resist the red-coat band.
He hears the firing. He waits until
The regulars retreat: then, axe in hand,
He runs across the field, and leaps the wall.
Before him, bleeding, on the ground there lie
Two writhing forms. Half frantic with revenge,
He does not hear their sad, entreating cry;
But with fierce blows he ends their misery.

Poor hired tools ! they fought for gold alone,
Were killed and buried by a stranger hand.
Their grave is marked by rough, moss-covered
stone.

No tears fell on their mound ; but, far away,
Some loved ones waited their delayed return :
A mother went heart-broken to her rest ;
A sister bent in anguish o'er their urn ;
Fathers and brothers too. O wicked War !
Breaker of hearts ! divider of the dear !
When shall thy pulse be still, to beat no more ?

Here still in Concord sleeps the ancient force ;
Here rebels wild, fanatics fierce, we find,
Who war against a tyranny more dread
Than that of old, — the thralldom of the mind.
What ! the old spirit dead ? No, no ! — it lives.
Here o'er our stream to-day first shots are heard,
First blows are struck, for freedom, truth, reform ;
And ours the noblest thought, the truest word.
Son of a race of preachers, hail to thee !
Thy congregation is the world ; thy sermons ring
Deep in the inmost souls of all thy flock ;
They strike the holiest chord, the truest string.
Hail, home of rebels ! birthplace of Revolt !
By thee is Freedom's banner wide unfurled ;
Thine the command to march to glory on,
And from thy hand "the shot heard round the
world."

Where the fight was, the summer grass grows
green.

The other day, when every field was bare
And desolate with frost, the battle-field
Was fresh and blooming, as if, lingering there,
The gentle Summer dallied till the last.
The bridge is swept away ; nor plank nor stone
Breaks the still current of our gentle stream.
Where once passed o'er the river men and teams,
The gliding boat steals by with feathery gleam.
Dear Old North Bridge ! fear not the hand of
Time ;
Built on our hearts, thy butments firm remain ;
Theme of the sculptured stone, the fullest
rhyme :
Come, let me sing to thee a closing strain.

THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE.

Across the stream of Time, that flows
In silence to the sea,
Thought builds for us so firm again
The bridge that used to be !

Swift o'er its planks our fancies throng :
We see the men we know,
With dinner-pails and thumb-worn books
To school as children go.

As tender lovers, on the rail
We see them lean, and dream
Sweet hopes their course of love will run
As placid as the stream.

Once more, with muskets in their hand,
And fever in their brain,
They rush across, to die beneath
A storm of leaden rain.

The gentle Concord murmurs soft
Where stood the wood and stone :
Rebuked, stern waves of Time fall back,
And leave their fame alone.

The men who built the perfect bridge, —
Across its way we go
In peace and plenty, fearing not
The stream that flows below, —

They built it well, they built it strong :
Cemented with their blood,
The Bridge of Liberty withstands
Stern shocks of Time's rude flood.

Bridge of the free ! our hearts to thee
We raise, with grateful prayer
To Him above, the perfect Love,
Who laid foundations there.

Bridge of the brave ! may every slave
That gains thy planks be free !
And thy piers stand on every land,
North Bridge of Liberty !

Jan. 24 1861.

NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 8. — Musketaquid, or “grass-grown,” was the Indian name of Concord River.

NOTE 2, PAGE 9. — A vane stamped 1673, now on a barn. It was once on the Court House in which assembled the Provincial Congress.

NOTE 3, PAGE 10. — Punkatasset, Nahshawtuck, and Annursneak are hills; Walden, a pond; and Assabet, the north branch of Concord River.

NOTE 4, PAGE 15. — The first bell was hung on Jethro's Oak, which stood on the Common.

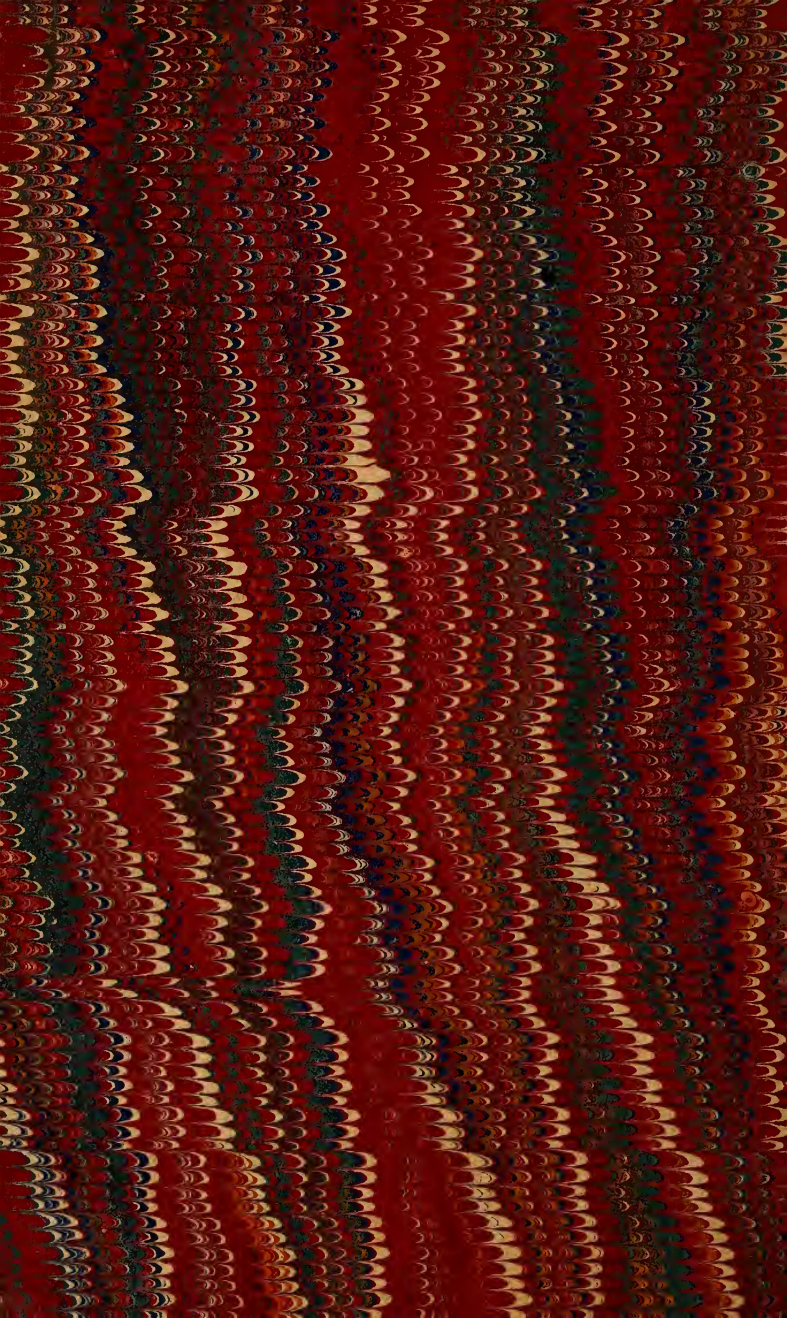
Inscription on Concord Monument.

HERE,
ON THE 19TH OF APRIL,
1775,
WAS MADE THE FIRST FORCIBLE RESISTANCE
TO BRITISH AGGRESSION.

ON THE OPPOSITE BANK STOOD THE AMERICAN MILITIA.
HERE STOOD THE INVADING ARMY; AND, ON THIS SPOT, THE FIRST
OF THE ENEMY FELL IN THE WAR OF THAT REVOLU-
TION WHICH GAVE INDEPENDENCE TO
THESE UNITED STATES.

IN GRATITUDE TO GOD, AND IN THE LOVE OF FREEDOM, THIS
MONUMENT WAS ERECTED,
A.D. 1836.







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